Master Negative Storage Number

OCI00039.11

The Popular song-book

London

[18--]

Reel: 39 Title: 11

BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY

RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION

Master Negative Storage Number: OC100039.11

Control Number: ADD-9818
OCLC Number : 27479191
Call Number : W PN970.E5 POPSx
Title : The Popular song-book.
Imprint : London : Printed for the Booksellers ; Brampton : R. Latimer, printer, [18--]
Format : 16 p. ; 20 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Second imprint from colophon.
Note : Without music.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.

MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)
On behalf of the
Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA
Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8/31/94
Camera Operator: AR

THE

POPULAR SONG-BOOK.

CONTENTS:

The Teetotal Society.
Young Ben the Carpenter and the Faithless Sally Brown.
Ben Battle, or Faithless Nelly Gray.
The New Sub-Marine Telegraph.
The Tight Irish Boy.
The Fairy Boy.
The Irish Duel.
The Yorkshire Concert.
The Poachers.
The Oven.
The West-Country Bumpkin.
Murphy Delaney.
Number One.
The Little Man and Little Maid.
The Chapter of Kings.
Barney Brallaghan's Courtship.
The Tar of All Weathers.
True Courage.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE POPULAR SONG-BOOK.

THE TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

COME, listen, kind gentle folks all,
To a man of respectable station,
Who's lately been bless'd with a call
To lecture unto this whole nation.
The subject I've chosen to night
I can broach with the greatest propriety,—
'Tis to get all my friends to unite,
And join the Teetotal Society.

Once I took a great deal of strong drink—
Rum, brandy, and all of that ere, sir;
But it now gives me pleasure to think
Alcohol I scarcely can bear, sir.
Neither wine, beer—nor cider, for me, sir;
But I do sometimes take a moiety
Of brandy mix'd into my tea,—
'Tis allowed by the Total Society.

Should you ask, 'why my nose looks so red'—
One gentleman there I see winking—
Now to tell you the reason I dread;
'But it blushes to see so much drinking.'
Should your cheeks be as red as a rose,
And you stick to the strictest sobriety,
The bloom will draw down to your nose,
If you join the Teetotal Society.

In your limbs should you have any pains,
Pour rum on the part that's affected;
Or brandy, internally, for strains—
For rheumatism 'tis not rejected.
You may always keep some in the house,
Only use it with the strictest propriety,
And keep it as snug as a mouse—
'Tis allowed by the Total Society.

One night I'd been lecturing hard,
I felt that my breathing grew shorter,
I found that some wag, 'pon my word,
Had put gin in my pitcher of water.
I felt very faint, I declare,
For you know I'm the pink of sobriety;
I was carried home in an arm-chair,
By some mems of the Total Society.

YOUNG BEN THE CARPENTER AND THE FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

YOUNG Ben, he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade,
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
Who was a lady's maid.
But, as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a pressgang crew,
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben be was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That, though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.
'Come, girl,' says he, 'hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For, when your swain is in the boat,
A boatswain he will be.'

So, when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She arous'd, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.
'And he is gone? and he is gone?'
She cried, and wept outright;
'Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight.'

A waterman came up to her:
'Now, young woman,' said he,
'If you weep on so, you'll make
Eye water in the sea.'
'Alas! they've taken my Beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;'
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she said gee-woe.

Says he, 'They've only taken him
To the tender-ship, you see!'
'The tender-ship!' cried Sally Brown;
'What a hard ship that must be!
Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But, oh! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim!

'Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in wails.'
Now, Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home
And all the sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd no Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John,
'Oh! Sally Brown,—oh! Sally Brown,
How could you sarve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!'

Then, pond'ring o'er his 'baccy-box,
He heav'd a heavy sigh:
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye,
And then he tried to sing All's well!
But couldn't, though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.
Now Sal his fun'ral did attend,
With fearful, anxious look;
She waited in the cold churchyard,
Till the parson—shut his book.

BEN BATTLE, OR FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And us'd to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.
Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, 'Let others shoot:
For here I leave my second leg,
And the forty-second foot!'
For Ben he was a soldier bold,
And us'd to war's alarms:
As the cannon ball shot off his legs,
Why he laid down his arms.

The army-surgeons made him limbs,
Said he, 'They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs.'
Now Ben, he lov'd a pretty maid,—
Her name was Nelly Gray;

So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devour'd his pay;
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And, when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off:—
'O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!'
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

Said she, 'I lov'd a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.
Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now.'
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

'O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajoz's breaches.'
'Why then,' said she, 'you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms;
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!'
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

'O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
To you, a long farewell;
For though you'll be my death—alas!
You will not be my Nell!'
Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot!
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line!
One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was of his legs.
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!
A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside!
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

THE NEW SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH.

In this improving age
Our wonder never ceases;
For science is so the rage,
That 'tis pulling the ancients to pieces.
Archimedes they set down a flat;
Ikey Newton a subject for chaff;
Since our moderns have invented, so pat,
The New Sub-marine Telegraph!
Fol lol, &c.

We're to have railroads to traverse the world,
Ship canals to the Bay of Panama;
Going, gone, and away you are whirl'd,
'Midst the engines' loud puffing and clamour.
Such common-place stuff, I declare,
A fit subject to make you all laugh;
For I'm sure they are not fit to compare
With the New Submarine telegraph. Fol lol, &c.

Light travels like lightning, 'tis said,
But I really think now we outdo it,
Since this fam'd discovery's made,
By the aid of electric fluid.
If a message to Turkey you'd send,
By means of this unrivall'd power,

You'd an answer get, you may depend,
To England sent back in an hour.
Fol lol, &c.

The fishes, I'm thinking, 'twill shock,
When swimming at ease through the ocean,
If perchance they should happen to knock
'Gainst the wire when it is in motion.
Galvanism I tell you's no joke,—
To be shook till you tumble in half;
But it's all like a bottle of smoke,
To the New Submarine Telegraph.
Fol lol, &c.

'Tis said—but that's all, I'm thinking—
If to China a trip you'd desire,
They can send you right over like winking,
By your sitting cross-legged on the wire.
The transit is novel, no doubt;
But, as things are not done now by half,
Only think that, the whole of the route,
You're on the New Submarine telegraph.
Fol lol, &c.

I've heard here's a company forming,
And 'twill be advertised very soon,
Who the planets intend to be storming,
In order to people the moon.
If the famous projector you'd know,
'Tis Monsieur Antoine de mooncalf,
Who will bring us green-cheeses, I trow,
On his far-famed New Telegraph,
Fol lol, &c.

And, i' faith! there's another scheme, too,
Which has recently been set in motion;—
I confess 'tis a tough yarn to chew—
This trip to the depths of the ocean,
In cork-dresses and Mackintosh cloaks
A certain prevention from drowning,
And a new apparatus—a hoax—
To pump air from the water surrounding.
Fol lol, &c.

Gravesend voyages will now be no go,
For they're common, and very immoral,
And our swells are all on the tip-toe
For a trip to the sea-caves of coral,
They're tired of the belles oft he town,
So with mermaids would chatter and laugh;—
That's the reason they want to go down
On the New Submarine Telegraph.
Fol lol, &c.

THE TIGHT IRISH BOY.

Och! when I was christen'd 'twas on a fair day,
And my own fair-faced mother call me her dear joy,
And that I was this, why she often would say,
And that I was this, why she often would say,
'A gayful, playful, prattling, tattling, beautiful,
Dutiful, looking sweet, loving neat,
O! boderation! a tight Irish boy.'

Arrah! when I grew up, I grew always in love—
Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy;
So, true to ten thousand I'd constantly prove,
A sighing, dying, complying, pressing, caressing, distressing, adoring, imploring, encoring, die away, sigh away, looking sweet, loving neat,—
O! boderation! a tight Irish boy.

At war, love, or drinking, myself am the lad,
Who the wide world itself would go near to destroy,
For a cup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,—

Then I'm a laughing, quaffing, smoking, joking, swearing, tearing, rumical, comical, sightable, fightable, sing away, ding away, roll about, troll about, looking sweet, loving neat, die away, sigh away, dash away, thrash away, flash away, smash away,—
O! boderation! a tight Irish boy.

THE FAIRY BOY.

A MOTHER came when stars were pailing,
Wailing round a lonely spring.
Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
Calling on the fairy king:—
"Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy?
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my baby boy?

"O'er the mountain, thro' the wild wood,
Where his childhood lov'd to play,
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander day by day;
There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made me joy;
On the echoes wildly calling,
To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain.
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!
Fare thee well, my child! for ever
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the next we ne'er shall sever—
There I'll find my angel boy!"

THE IRISH DUEL.

POTATOES grow in Limerick, and beef at Ballymore,
And butter milk is beautiful—but that we knew before;
And Irish men love pretty girls, but none could love more true
Then little Paddy Wackmacrack lov'd Kate O'Donahoo.

Now Katty was as neat a lass as ever tripp'd the sod,
And Paddy bore with equal grace the musket or the hod;
With trowel and with bayonet by turns the hero chose
To build up houses for his friends, and then to charge his foes.

When gentle people fall in love, love's never at a loss
To find some ugly customers their happiness to cross,
And Paddy found no little trouble from a rival swain,
Who kept the Cat and Cucumber in Cauliflower Lane.

This youth was named Mackirkencroft a very dapper elf,
Whose clothes they fitted neatly, for he made them all himself;
A tailor blade he was by trade, of natty boys the broth,
Because he always cut his coat according to his cloth.

But Paddy knew the feelings of a gentleman it hurts
To find another ungenteelly sticking in his skirts,
So sent a challenge without fear, for though he wasn't rich,
He call'd himself a gentleman, and still behaved as sich.

Makirty, too, good manners had, for he, as it appears,
To Paddy wrote for leave that he might cut of both his ears;

Says Pat to that, in style polite, as
you may well suppose,—
'My ears you're very welcome to, but
first I'll pull your nose.'

Then when and where were settled
fair, when Pat, as bold as brass,
Cried, 'You know what we fight
about?'—Makirty cried, 'Alas!'
And then in haste, and not to waste
such very precious time,
One prim'd without a loading, t'other
loaded without prime.

Then back to back they stood, good
lack! to measure yards a score,—
Mackirkencroft such honest measure
never gave before;
He walk'd so light that out of sight
full fairly he was seen,
And Paddy shot a finger-post some
half-a-mile between.

Now Pat and Kate soon after that in
wedlock's bands were join'd;
Makirty he kept walking on, and
never look'd behind.
And till this day his ghost, they say
(for he of love expired),
Keeps walking round the finger-post
at which bold Paddy fired.

THE YORKSHIRE CONCERT.

I'ze a Yorkshireman just come to
town,
And my coming to town was a gay
day;
For fortune has here set me down,
Waiting gentleman to a fine lady.
My lady gives galas and routs,
And her treats of the town are the
talk here,
But nothing I'ze seen here abouts,
Equals one that was given in
Yorkshire.
Ri tol lol de rol lol de rol,
Ri tol lol de rol, lol de rol,
Ti tol lol de rol lol de rol.

Johnny Fig was a green and white
grocer,
In business as brisk as an eel, Sir;
None than John to the shop could
stick closer,
But his wife thought it quite un-
genteel, sir.
Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out,
sir,
And astonish the rustic parishoners,
She invited 'em all to a route, sir,
And ax'd all the village musi-
cianers,
Ri tol lol de rol, &c.

The company met, gay as larks, sir,
Drawn forth all as fine as blown
roses;
The concert commenc'd with the
clerk, sir,
Who chaunted the 'Vicar and
Moses.'
The barber sang 'Gall'ry of Wigs,'
sir;
The gem'men all said 'twas the
dandy;
And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig,
sir,
Who volunteer'd 'Drops of
Brandy.'
Ri tol lol de rol, &c.

The baker he sang a good batch,
While the lawyer, for harmony
willing,
With the Bailiff he join'd in a catch,
And the notes of the butcher were
killing.
The wheelwright he put in his spoke,
The schoolmaster flogg'd on with
furor;
The coalman he play'd the 'Black
Joke,'
And the fishwoman sang a bravura.
Ri tol lol de rol, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
The Miss Screams a quintette loud
as Boreas

Sang, and wak'd farmer 'Thrasher's
dog Thunder,
Who, starting up, join'd in the
chorus;
While a donkey, the melody marking,
Chim'd in too, which made a wag
say, 'Sir,
Attend to the Rector of Barking's
Duet with the Vicar of Bray, Sir.'
Ri tol lol de rol, &c.

A brine-tub half full of beef, salted,
Madame Fig had trick'd out for a
seat, sir,
Where the tailor to sing was exalted,
But the cov'ring crack'd under his
feet, sir,
Snip was sous'd in the brine, but,
soon rising,
Bawl'd out, while they laugh'd at
his grief, 'Sir,
Is't a matter so monst'rous surprising,
To see pickled cabbage with beef,
sir.'
Ri tol lol de rol, &c.

To a ball then the concert gave way,
And for dancing no souls could be
riper;
So struck up like 'The Devil to Pay,'
While poor Johnny Fig paid the
piper.
But the best thing came after the
ball:
To finish the whole with perfection,
Madame Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all
To sup on a nice cold collection.
Ri tol lol de rol, &c.

THE POACHERS.

WHEN I was bound apprentice, in
fam'd Zummersetshire,
I sarv'd my master truly, for nearly
seven year;
Till I took up to poaching, as you
shall quickly hear,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night,
In the season of the year!

As me and my companions were set-
ting of a snare,
The gamekeeper was a watching us,
—for him we did not care;
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys,
jump over any where,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night,
in the season of the year!

As me and my companions were set-
ting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took
the hare alive;
We popp'd her into a bag, my boys,
and thro' the wood did steer,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night,
in the season of the year!

We threw her o'er our shoulders, and
wander'd through the town,
Call'd into a neighbour's house, and
sold her for a crown;—
We sold her for a crown, my boys,
but dare not tell you where,—
But it's my delight of a shiny night,
in the season of the year.

Well here's success to Poaching, for I
do think it fair;
Bad luck to ev'ry housekeeper that
would not sell his deer;
Good luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that
wants to buy a hare,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night,
in the season of the year!

THE OVEN.

WHO has e'er been in London, that
over grown place,
Has seen 'Lodgings to Let' stare him
full in the face:
Some are good, and let dearly; while
some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best
let alone;—
Derry down down down derry down!

Will Waddle, whose temper was stu-
dious and lonely,

Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only!
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.
Derry down, &c.

He enter'd his room, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.
Derry down, &c.

Next night 'twas the same! and the next, and the next:
He perspir'd like an ox,—he was nervous and vex'd.
Week pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weekly condition was past all expression.
Derry down, &c.

In six months his acquaintance began for to doubt him,
For his skin like a lady's loose gown hung about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny,—
'I have lost many pounds,—make me well, there's a guinea!'
Derry down, &c.

The doctor look'd wise;—'A slow fever,' he said;
Prescrib'd sudorificks, and going to bed;—
'Sudorificks in bed!' exclaim'd Will, are humbugs:
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs.'
Derry down, &c.

Will kick'd out the doctor;—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said, 'Sir, do you know
I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago.'
Derry down, &c.

'Look'e, landlord! I think,' argued Will with a grin,
That with honest intentions you first took me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I have been so damn'd hot, I have sure got a cold.'
Derry down, &c.

Quoth the landlord, 'Till now I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years—I'm a baker to boot:
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven.'
Derry down, &c.

'The oven!' says Will.—Says the host, 'Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion!
Why so crusty, good sir?' 'Zounds!' cries Will in a taking,
'Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?'
Derry down, &c.

Will paid for his rooms.—Cried the host with a sneer,
'Well, I see you've been going away half a year.'
'Friend, we can't well agree, yet no quarrel, Will said;
'But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread!'
Derry down, &c.

Which is the funniest, you or I?—
I, to be sure, because I'm the querist.

THE WEST-COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

JOHN BULL was a bumpkin born and bred,
At a clodhopping village in Glo'stershire;
And as for this world, or the world that's to come,
For to puzzle his noddle 'twas never the ne'ar,
For he never was known to set foot in a church,
Till the day he took Dorothy there for a wife;
And says John, 'By the Lord, I was never before
In a place like a church all the days of my life,'—
Tol lol de rol, lol de rol, lol lol de rol,
Tol de rol lol de rol lol de rol lol.

'For there I look'd up, and zeed nine or ten fellows,
A zinging as loud as there lungs cou'd clink;
So, thinking that I was got into an ale-house,
I look'd up and ax'd, if they'd nothing to drink,
When up came a man, and he pull'd off my hat,
And he told me no drink was allow'd in the place:
I thought that for zartain he must be the landlord,
Or else I'd have fech'd him a punch in the face,

'Howsomedever, I fancied 'twas never the ne'ar
For to kick up a dust, and to frighten the bride;
So I went further in for to look at the place,
And, lord! what a comical zight I espy'd!
There was men-folk and women-folk penn'd up together,
Like so many wethers and ewes at a fair;
Besides a long booby-hutch built up for holding
The whole corporation justices and mayor.

'Then up got a little man into a tub,
And he look'd just as tho'f he'd been roll'd in the dirt,
For you cou'd not suppose he cou'd be very clean,
When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt,
Excepting a little white slobbering bib,
Tuck'd under his chin, and slit in two;—
To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black shirt,
I was puzzl'd to think what a plague he cou'd do.

'For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,
And for mercy upon us did heartily pray,
Another below, that sat in a chest,
Was mocking of every word he did say;
And when he had fairly tired him out,
To the very last word, to do nothing by halves,
I verily thought he was going to fight,
For he stood up and call'd for a couple of staves.

'But the little man, tho'f he had a black shirt on.
Whipp'd over'n another as white as a clout;
And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,
He set open the tub, and he let himself out:
Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,
And as tho'f he had got neither shame nor grace,

He dipp'd his fingers into a trough,
And splash'd the cold water all over
its face!

'To be sure I thought, 'twas a shame-
ful thing
To serve a poor babe such a woundy
trick;
For tho'f he did squeak like a pig
that is stuck,
They did mind him no more than a
goosemunchick.
Odsbobs! and I thought if the meggot
shou'd bite,
And they wanted to make but a child
of a man,
Who cou'd tell but in turn, such a
baby as I
Might be sous'd in the trough like a
sop in a pan.

'So I took to my heels, and I scam-
per'd away,
Like a lusty fellow, for sure and sure;
And swore in my throat if they ever
catch'd I,
O' the inside of a church door any
more,
They shou'd plump me up to the ears
in the hogtrough,
Just like a toast in a tankard then,
And souse me and sop me, and sop
me aud souse me,
A hundred times over and over again.'

MURPHY DELANEY.

It was Murphy Delaney, so funny
and frisky,
Reel'd into a shebeea to get his
skin full,
And popp'd out again, pretty well lin'd
with whisky,
As fresh as a shamrock, and blind
as a bull:
When a trifling accident happen'd
our rover,
Who took the quay-side for the
floor of his shed,
And the keel of a coal-barge he just
tumbled over,
And thought all the while he was
going to bed.
With my tal de ral, &c,
And sing phililu, hubbubboo, whack,
boderation,
Every man in his humour, as
Teague kiss'd the pig.

Some folks passing by, pull'd him
out of the river,
And got a horse-doctor his sickness
to mend,
Who swore that poor Murph' was no
longer a liver,
But dead as a devil, and there was
an end.
Then they sent for a coroner's jury to
try him;—
But Murph' not much liking this
comical strife,
Fell to twisting and turning the while
they sat by him,
And came, when he found it con-
venient, to life.
With my tal de ral, &c.

Says he to the jury—'Your worships,
an't please ye,
I don't think I'm dead yet, so what
is't you'd do?'
'Not dead!' says the foreman; 'you
spalpeen, be easy:
Don't you think but the doctor
knows better than you?'—
So then they went on with the busi-
ness some further,
And examin'd the doctor about his
belief;
When they brought poor Delaney in
guilty of murder,
And swore they would hang him
in spite of his teeth.
With my tal de ral, &c.

Then Murphy laid hold of a clumsy
shilelah,
And laid on the doctor as sly as a
post,

Who swore that it couldn't be Murphy
Delaney,
But something alive,—so it must
be his ghost.
Then the jury began, joy, with fear
to survey him,
While he like a devil about him
did lay—
And sent straight out of hand for the
clargy to lay,
But Murph' laid the clargy, and
then ran away.
With my tal de ral, &c.

NUMBER ONE.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that ev'ry miss,
But me, has got a beau!
For love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun;—
I'm sure he has been ask'd enough
To call at number one.
Now, all young maids, take my advice,
And listen to my song;
And if a sweet-heart you should want,
Don't live at number one.

I'm sick of all the double-knocks,
That come to number four;
At number three I often see
A lover at the door;
And one in blue, at number two,
Calls daily like a dun;—
It's very hard they call so near,
And not at number one!
Now, all young maids, &c.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window-pane,
Without a bit of blind;
But I go on the balcony,
Which she has never done;—
Yet arts that thrive at number five
Don't take at number one!
Now, all young maids, &c.

I am not old, I am not plain,
Nor awkward in my gait;
I am not crooked like the bride,
That went from number eight;
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun;—
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at number one!
Now, all young maids, &c.

At number six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid for her sake has been
Quite prodigal of darts;
The imp they show with bended
bow—
I wish he had a gun!
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot with number one!
Now, all young maids, &c.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row;—
And here's a ballad-singer come,
To aggravate my woe.
O! take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun;
There is nae luck about the house,
I know, at number one!
Now all young maids, &c.

THE LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE MAID.

THERE was a little man, and he woo'd
a little maid,
And he said, 'Little maid, will you
wed, wed, wed;
I have little more to say, then will
you, ay or nay?
For little said is soonest mended.'

Then replied the little maid, 'Little
sir, you've little said
To induce a little maid to wed, wed,
wed;
You must say a little more, and pro-
duce a little dow'r,
Ere I make a little print in your
bed, bed, bed.'

Then the little man replied, 'If you'll
be my little bride,
I'll raise my love a little higher;
Though I little love to prate, my little
heart is great,
With the little god of love all on
fire.'

Then the little maid replied, 'Should
I be your little bride,
Pray, what shall we do for to eat,
eat, eat?
Will the flame you're so rich in serve
for fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of love turn the
spit, spit, spit?'

Then the little man he sigh'd—some
say, a little cried,
For his little breast was big with
sorrow:
'I am your little slave,—if the little
that I have
Is too little, little, dear, I will bor-
row.'

So the little man so gentle made the
little maid
And set her little heart a thinking;
Though his offers were but small, she
took his little all,
And could have of a cat but her
skin.

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

THE Romans in England they once
did sway,
And the Saxons they after them led
the way,
And they tugg'd with the Danes, till
an overthrow
They both of them got by the Nor-
man bow.
Yet barring all pother, the one and
the other,
Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the conqu'ror long did
reign,
But Billy, his son, by an arrow was
slain;
And Harry the First was a scholar
bright,
But Stephy was forc'd for his crown
to fight.
Yet barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name
did bear,
And Cœur de Lion was his son and
heir;
But Magna Charta we gain'd from
John,
Which Harry the Third put his seal
upon.
Yet barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First like a tiger
bold,
But the Second by rebels was bought
and sold;
And Teddy the Third was his subject's
pride,
Though his grandson, Dicky, was
popp'd aside.
Yet barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike
wight;
And Harry the Fifth like a cock
would fight;
Though Harry, his son, like a chick
did pout,
When Teddy, his cousin, had kick'd
him out.
Yet barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth, he was kill'd
in bed,
By butchering Dick, who was knock'd
on the head;
Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew
big,
And Harry the Eight was as fat as a
pig.
Yet barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tran-
quil days,

Though Mary made fire and faggot blaze;
But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
And bonny King Jamey from Scotland came.
Yet barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
But Charley, his son, was a comical blade;
And Jemey the Second, when hotly spurr'd,
Ran away, do you see, from Willy the Third.
Yet barring, &c.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and by sea,
And Georgey the First did with glory sway;
But at length was succeeded by Georgey his son,
Who so suddenly died at Kensington.
Yet barring, &c.

After Georgey the Second came Georgey the Third,
Of whose very long reign you have all of you heard;
His son Georgey the Fourth, who Prince Regent had been,
Was as gay an old fellow as ever was seen,
Yet barring, &c.

King Billy the Fourth was a sailor bred:
Since he left us, Victoria reigns in his stead;
May she prove the best sov'reign Old England has seen,
And long give us cause to sing—'God save the Queen!'
And may her son's sons, to the end of the chapter,
All come to be kings in their turn.

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

'Twas on a windy night,
At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the palings,
His love tale he did pour,
And this was part of his wailings:
Only say you'll have Mister Brallaghan;
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.
Only say, you'll have Mister Brallaghan;
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh! list to what I say:—
Charms you've got like Venus;
Own your love you may,
There's only the wall between us.
You lay fast asleep
Snug in bed and snoring;
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow,—
I've got a sty to sleep 'em;
A calf and a brindl'd cow,—
And got a cabin to keep 'em;
Sunday hose and coat;
An old grey mare to ride on;
Saddle and bridle to boot,
Which you may ride astride on,
Only say, &c.

I've got an old tom cat,—
Through one eye he's staring;
I've got a Sunday hat,—
Little the worse for wearing;
I've got some gooseberry wine,—
The trees had got no riper on;
I've got a fiddle fine,
Which only wants a piper on.
Only say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set wi' praties;
I've got of baccy a pound,
And got some tea for the ladies.
I've got the ring to wed;
Some whiskey to make us gaily;
A mattress feather bed,
And a handsome new shellali'.
Only say, &c.

You've got a charming eye;
You've got some spelling and reading;
You've got—and so have I—
A taste for genteel breeding.
You're rich, and fair, and young,
As every body's knowing;
You've got a decent tongue,
Whenever its set a-going.
Only say, &c.

For a wife till death
I am willing to take ye;
But, och! I waste my breath,—
The devil himself can't wake ye.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover;
I'll come to-morrow again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say, &c.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
Her jib how she smack'd through the breeze,
She's a vessel as tight, to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers;
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,—
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,—
'Helm-a-weather,' the hoarse boatswain cries;
'Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.'
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky;
When truly a doleful disaster
Befel three poor sailors and I:
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried *Peccavi;*
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have? We were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I, and I think twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way sat the wind,

For to England I came, and got married
To a lass that was comely and kind:
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born;
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
But sailors, &c.

TRUE COURAGE.

WHY what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping?
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way;
'Tis nonsense, for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they that han't pity, why I pities they.
Says the captain, says he—I shall never forget it—
'If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham,
'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,—
A furious lion in battle, so let it;
But duty appeas'd,—duty appeas'd,—
But duty appeas'd,—'tis in mercy a lamb.'

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,
Helter skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe!—why he'd eat him alive.
But when that he found an old pris'ner he'd wounded,
That once sav'd his life, as near drowning he swam,
The lion was tam'd, and, with pity confounded,
He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.
That my friend, Jack or Tom, I should rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all;—'tis the poor wounded stranger;
And the poorer, the more I shall succour distress.
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And perils defy, as a bugbear, a flam;
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more compassion, when turn'd to a lamb.
The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end;
And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,—
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

Robert Latimer, Printer, Front Street, Brampton.